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212



What's in a name? great Shakespeare wrote,
But we today ask, what is not?
It stands for honor, glory, shame,
It may shine on the scroll of fame;
May point the path where virtue lead,
And may recall life's noblest deeds.
It may be one by men revered,
Or one that they have cursed and feared.
Or one that by the owner signed
Was all he had to leave behind.
Perchance such fate mine own may be,
When those that shall live after me
Have read these lines, then turned and
And wondered,

"Who was *Curtis Guild*"



FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET

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"THE OLD VILLAGE CHOIR" — See page 114

MENT
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FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET

BY

CURTIS GUILD

AUTHOR OF "OVER THE OCEAN" "ARROAD AGAIN" "BRITONS AND
MUSCOVITES" ETC

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES COPELAND

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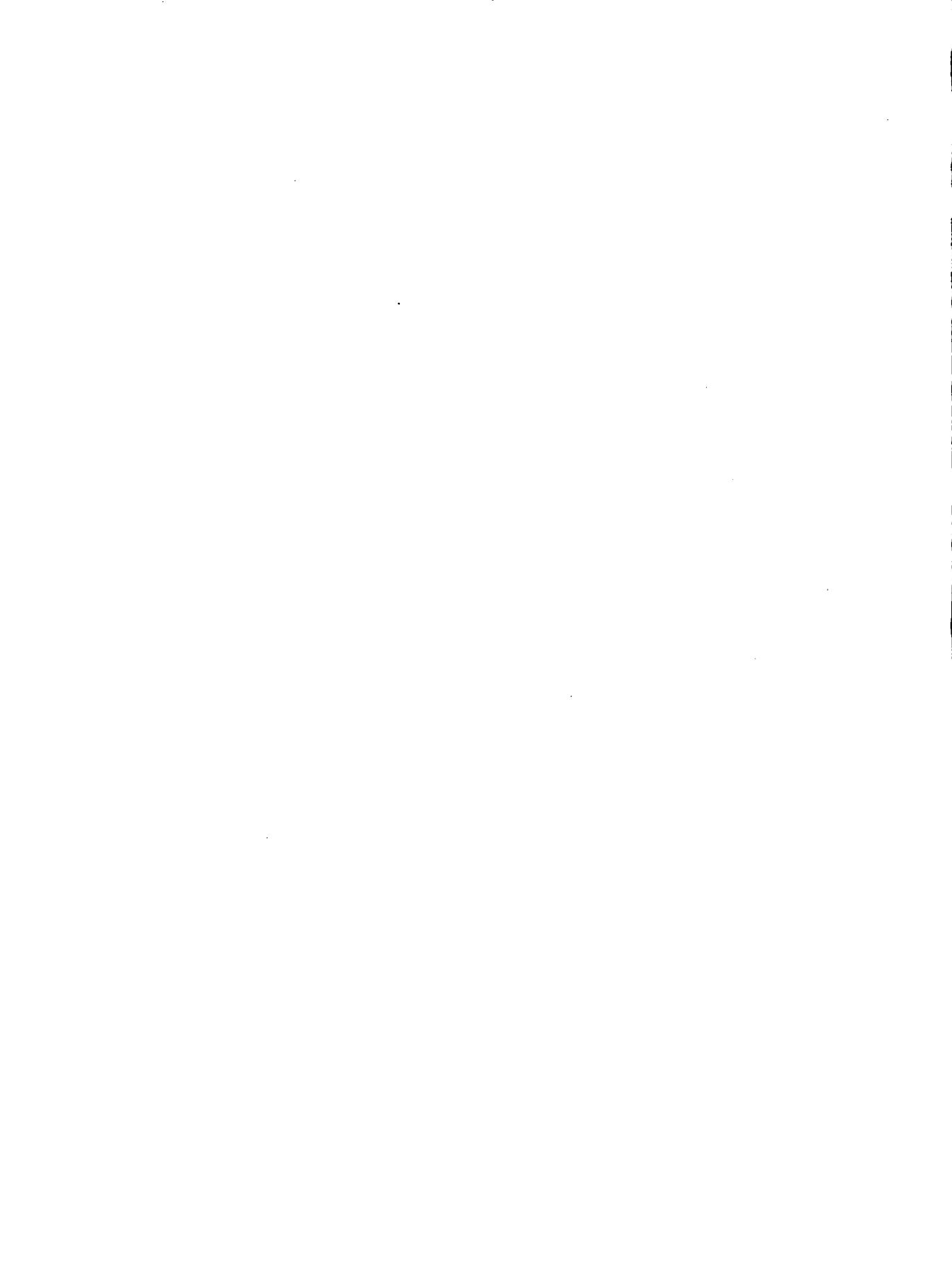
PREFACE

SEVERAL of the poems in this volume were first published in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" of New York, during a period extending from 1850 to 1853, when the author was a contributor to that magazine, which was edited by Louis Gaylord Clark.

Others appeared from time to time many years ago in different literary periodicals of the day.

They are now collected for the first time, and with the addition of a few productions of later date, offered to the public in the present form.

BOSTON 1893



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FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET

DEATH OF THE MOHAWK

RED in the sky was the setting sun.
The monarch of day his course had run,
And behind the hills sank down to rest,
Far away in the bright and crimsoning west.
The rays that streamed o'er the vault of blue
Tinged the flying clouds with gorgeous hue,
Like a maiden's blush,—so fair and bright
Were the softened tints of sunset light.

High on a cliff that o'erlooks the stream
That shines beneath in the sunset gleam,
A stalwart figure in hunter's dress
Stands like a god of the wilderness.
He leans on his gun and sees the flow
Of the broad deep stream far down below,
While the gentle zephyrs of balmy air
Blow back the locks of his clustering hair.



"HIGH ON A CLIFF THAT O'ERLOOKED THE STREAM"

While thus the hunter musing stood,
A rifle rang from the darkening wood ;
And like arrow darting from the bow,
Forth sprang the white man's deadly foe.
So true had the hissing bullet sped
That it cut a lock from the hunter's head,
And e'er the hills with the echo rung,
The red man's arm was round him flung.

Dashed from his hold was his rifle true
Far down below in the waters blue ;
In the savage hand the gleaming knife
Was aimed at the gallant hunter's life.
But the desperate grasp of the borderer stayed
The hand that held the uplifted blade ;
And with panting breath, now hand to hand,
The white and the savage warrior stand.

Vainly they wrestle in desperate fight
On the cliff now gray in the fading light ;
Each nerve is braced in the silent strife,
Fierce was the grapple — it was for life.
Nearer and nearer the edge they strain
With heaving chest and swelling vein,
A moment bend o'er the dizzy height,
As they struggle on by the sunset light.

But now from the sturdy hunter's side
Streams forth a small but crimson tide ;
But still does his hand with a giant's grasp
The arm of the savage warrior clasp.
For quick in the struggle the thrust was made,
And slight was the wound of the savage blade.
Again they strain to the precipice brink
When slow to his knee doth the hunter sink.

And as forward the eager savage sprung,
High o'er the head of the white man flung,
His form with one mighty heave was thrown,
And the hunter knelt on the cliff alone.
His throbbing heart and panting breath
Told of the battle for life or death.
Brushing the drops from his pallid brow,
He looks o'er the brink of the precipice now.

Swift flowed the river as e'er before
But broad were the ripples that sought the shore
And all was peaceful, hushed and still,
But the whispering leaves and the whippoorwill.
The hunter rose with lengthened sigh,
And muttered prayer to the Power on high.
Night's curtain falls o'er hill and vale,
As he turns again to the forest trail.

A MEMORY

'NEATH the shadow of the mountain
That the bright brook bounds before,
Stands a little rustic cottage
With a woodbine-shaded door.

Round the roof-tree and the windows
Swallows twitter from the eaves,
Sweetly summer breezes murmur
'Mid the canopy of leaves.

Peace was there, and sweet contentment
'Neath the lowly roof was known,
And the light hearts of the inmates
Kings would give their crowns to own.



“ STANDS A LITTLE RUSTIC COTTAGE
WITH A WOODBINE-SHADED DOOR ”

Far in foreign climes I've wandered,
On the vast cathedral gazed ;
And amid its gothic grandeur
Stood with wonderment amazed.

Thought when light through lofty windows
Fell in rainbows to the floor,
Far more pleasant was the sunshine
At that woodbine-shaded door.

In the hall of gorgeous palace,
'Neath the temple's fretted dome,
As I stood, my thoughts have wandered
To this happy cottage home ;

Where the heart of youth expanded
In hope's sunshine warm and bright,
And no cloud of care or trial
Dimmed life's vision with its blight.

Years have fled and youth departed,
Life's sunset is fading fast ;
But in memory's hall still linger
Pleasant pictures of the past.

SONG OF THE ANVIL

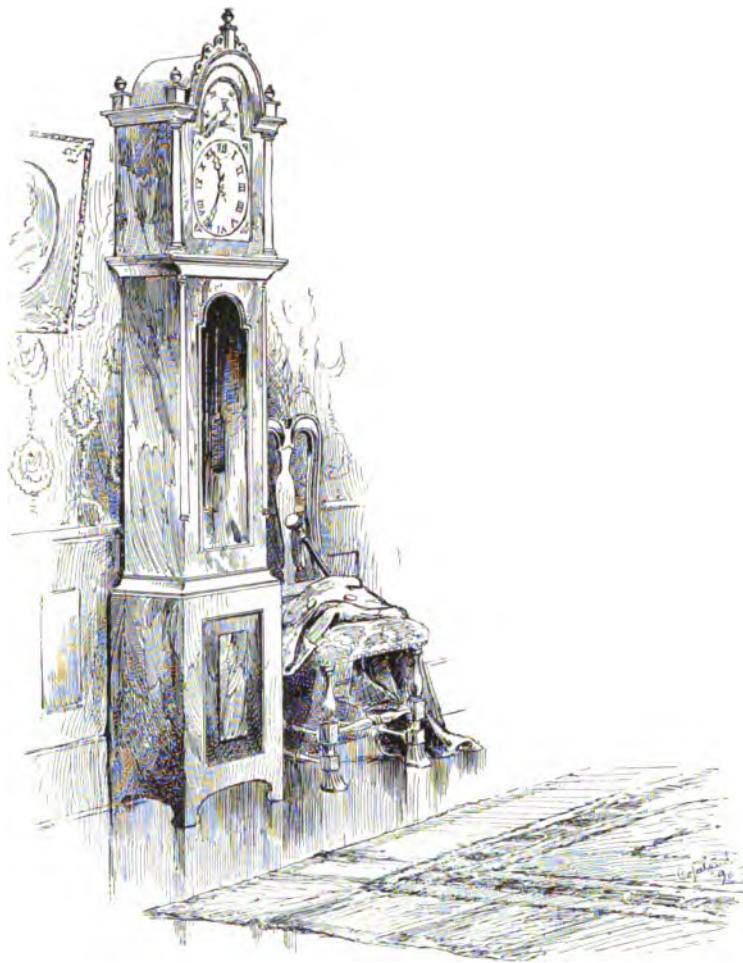
SING, brothers, sing to the blows we deal,
As we forge bright blades from the writhing steel !
And the warrior shall of the blacksmith think
When he hears the anvil's iron clink.
Heave up the sledge with a hearty swing
And the honest song of labor sing ;
Let the clanging ring of our anvils be
The blacksmith's chime of liberty !



“HEAVE UP THE SLEDGE WITH A HEARTY SWING”

The swarthy smiths, with arms so brown,
That swing the great sledge up and down,—
Their blows are strong, their sinews stout,
And bright the sparkles dance about.
There's lance for the tourney, and spade for the grave,
But never a fetter to bind the slave ;
And the chorus of their song shall be
Strike, brothers, strike for liberty !

First of weapons in Freedom's van
Is the swinging sledge of the artisan,
And the spark-strewn flags that aloft are whirled
Herald her progress around the world.
The forge is her temple, the hearth her throne,
The ringing anvil her altar-stone ;
Heart and hammer and hand — all three
Beat together for liberty !



OUR HEIRLOOM

TO AN ANTIQUE GOBLET

HAIL, massive old relic of years that are gone,
Of knighthood's old days that forever have flown!
Then circling within thee, to burst at thy brim,
Uprose the bright bubbles that merrily swim ;
When oft in those old feudal times at the board,
All sparkling and bright the red liquor was poured,
'Neath armor and banners that hung on the wall,
In the flash of the torches that lighted the hall.

How the hoarse voices shout and the scarred faces shine
As they clash cup to cup with "Success to the vine!"
While the grizzled old baron, the chief of the band,
Uplifts the old goblet on high in his hand.
But list ! The wild sound of the revel has ceased,
And hushed for a while is the din of the feast;
'Tis the voice of the minstrel, whose melody rings
To his magical touch sweeping over the strings.



" WHILE THE GRIZZLED OLD BARON, THE CHIEF OF THE BAND,
UPLIFTS THE OLD GOBLET ON HIGH IN HIS HAND "

Now sweetly he chants the soft music of love,
And the strains float away in the arches above.
Then of heroes and valor and combat he sings,
Till the hall with the shout of the battle-field rings ;
How mournfully breaks, like moan of the surge,
The death chant of warriors in notes of the dirge,
Till waked from its sadness a livelier strain
Flows on in melodious measure again.

How oft at such revels, old cup, hast thou been !
Oh, couldst thou but tell of sights thou hast seen,
Of the dark-bearded mouths that have pressed at thy
rim,
The red lips of beauty that breathed o'er the brim !
And hast thou e'er held the dark, poisonous draught
That the victim of tyrants or treachery quaffed,
Till, thoughtless and smiling, with thee in his grasp,
The cold hand of death had unloosened his clasp ?



"THE DEATH CHANT OF WARRIORS IN NOTES OF THE DIRGE"



“BY THE SIDE OF THE SUFFERERS, PALLID WITH PAIN,
THOU HAST HELD THE PURE NECTAR THAT CHEERED THEM AGAIN”

By the side of the sufferers, pallid with pain,
Thou hast held the pure nectar that cheered them again;
In the hand of the maiden, the grasp of the knight,
And glowing with deep rosy wine in the light,
Ah ! what hast thou seen as the ages have flown,
And left thee, old goblet, still gleaming, alone?
Where are they that then drained thee, the young and
the brave ?
All, all of them vanished— gone down to the grave.

And the deeds of those rugged old ritters of yore,
They glimmer but faintly in history's lore ;
Their battles, their feasts, and retainers so true,
Have faded away from our memories, too ;
But I dream, as I gaze on this massy old cup,
Of the old feudal days— so again fill it up ;
For once more in its depths the red liquor shall shine,
And we'll pledge the old knights in a bumper of wine.



"ONCE MORE IN ITS DEPTHS THE RED LIQUOR SHALL SHINE"



MEMENTOS



"LOVED FORMS IN FANCY LIVE ONCE MORE."

MEMENTOS

DEAR treasured relics of the past,
Time fades, but memory holds you fast,
For glancing back at youthful years,
Each springlike scene again appears ;
Loved forms in fancy live once more,
Brought from the true heart's treasure-store ;
In memory's ring some gems, still bright,
Shine out in age's fading light.

Memento of an hour of love,—
'Tis all I have,—this little glove.
Again I see thy smile, Lizette ;
Thy music-laugh enchants me yet,



“IN WILD WALTZ AT THE MASQUERADE”

As when I heard it first, dear maid,
In wild waltz at the masquerade.
Swift years have flown since then, but this
Recalls to me a dream of bliss.

A little bunch of billet-doux,
A crushed and faded violet, too.
How in the leaves that now I turn
The fires of youthful passion burn!
Bright heart-hopes on the pages gleam—
Mere bubbles of the sunlit stream.
The cherished idol of that hour
Lives but within this withered flower.



“A LITTLE BUNCH OF BILLET-DOUX”

Here rests a lock of auburn hue,
Bound with a faded ribbon blue.
Oh ! what an hour of happiness,
That gave to me that little tress !
How dark the eyes that flashed among
Thy clustering curls that thickly hung !
This truant severed from thy brow —
It brings to mind a broken vow.

Ah ! here's a tress — a glorious one —
That gleams all golden in the sun ;
This was thy parting gift to me,
My own, my blue-eyed Rosalie.
Thy gentle eyes and snowy brow !
In dreams I gaze upon them now ;
For o'er thy form the wild waves beat —
The white surge is thy winding sheet.



“THE WHITE SURGE IS THY WINDING SHEET”

Last of my treasures ! While I gaze,
And thoughts flit back to childhood's days,
Why is it that entranced I stand,
This little locket in my hand ?
'Tis the fond look that greets me there
From those sweet eyes so mild and fair ;
Back rolls the flight of years, and then
Once more I am a boy again.



“ONCE MORE I'M KNEELING AT THY SIDE”

Once more I'm kneeling at thy side,
Again I hear thee gently chide ;
Thy placid smile, thy tender tones,
Once more my thrilling bosom owns.
A mist is floating o'er my sight,
The vision dims as fading light.
What's this upon my cheek?— A tear !
It falls for thee, my Mother dear.

A RHINE LEGEND

RED flashed the flickering torches' flame
In the old baronial hall,
As round the board the vassals came
At their feudal master's call.
Full two score stout retainers bold
Filled high their goblets bright,
And quaffed from out their cups of gold
The rich red wine that night.

Rude was the revel—long and high
Rang laugh and song and shout,
Though vivid lightning rent the sky
And thunder pealed without.
For full three days the furious blast
Had beat on the castle wall,
And held the baron prisoner fast
In his old ancestral hall.



“VIVID LIGHTNING RENT THE SKY”

High o'er the bright Rhine's flowing tide
Doth the grim old castle frown,
And the warder watches far and wide ;
 From the turret looks he down.
“ Fill high, my bold retainers true,”
 The baron shouts aloud ;
“ We'll drink, my men, till the sky is blue,
 And heaven without a cloud.”



“CUP CLINKS TO CUP AROUND THE HALL”

Cup clinks to cup around the hall,
Fast flows the ruddy wine ;
But faster yet the rain-drops fall,
And brighter the lightnings shine.
“What, ho ! My faithful warder true,
Canst thou yet see the sky ?
Mount ! mount the highest turret through,
And shout my battle-cry !”

Back came the warder, drenched and pale :
“ My lord, 'tis a fearful night ;
The rain-drops pour, the wild winds wail,
And the lightnings flicker bright.
Far down the vale sounds the convent-bell,
All faint 'mid the tempest's roar,
And the holy monks their dark beads tell,
As they pray for the sun once more.”



“ AND THE HOLY MONKS THEIR DARK BEADS TELL ”

Still howls the storm. “ Will muttering prayers
Stop the lightning and the rain ?
Let the lazy monks still patter theirs,
But I'll to my wine again.”
With his goblet high in his stout hand tossed,
The baron shouts aloud,
“ Tis a bitter shame that our booty's lost
By the rain-drops of the cloud.”

“ So pledge, my bold retainers all ! ”
Cried he, with a fearful oath ;
“ Since HEAVEN is deaf, on the FIEND I call ;
Fair sky and the FIEND — pledge both ! ”
Cup rang to cup as the revellers sprang
With a wild shout to their feet ;
And a deafening peal of thunder rang,
As heaven to earth did meet.

Still faster flowed the crimson tide
Of wine in the banquet hall,
When an outstretched hand at the baron's side
Was held by a stranger tall.
"I drink with all," said the stranger-guest,
"From the deep wine-cup to-night !
'Tis a gallant pledge from a fearless breast,
And will bring fair skies with light."

The baron looked from his chair of state
And he saw the feast was done,
For of all the two score guests that sate
There now remained but one.
The o'erturned cups and flagons tall,
The board all splashed with wine,
And the heavy breath of the stout men, all
Confessed the potent vine.

He filled the cup of the stranger guest,
As they sat at the board alone,
And pledged again with oath and jest,
As the castle-bell tolled ONE !



“ AND PLEDGED AGAIN WITH OATH AND JEST ”

“ What, ho ! My warder, see’st the sky ?
Do the rain-drops fall as fast ?
Up ! up once more to the turret high,
And see if the storm be past ! ”

“ Hold !” said his guest. “ Mount we the stair !
And look on a cloudless night !
I promised thee skies clear and fair
Should greet the morrow’s light.”
The golden sun with its cheerful beams
Shines bright through the festal hall ;
On the scattered cups it glows and gleams
From the armor on the wall.

Roused from their slumber round the board,
The revellers rose to greet
The baron bold, the castle’s lord ;
But empty was his seat.
“ The morn has come, the sun is here,
The skies are blue again ;
Where stays the ritter—doth he fear
To lead his gallant men ?”



“ SHINES BRIGHT THROUGH THE FESTAL HALL ”

No voice replies. Then wildly seeks
That band each ancient hall ;
With fluttering hearts and pallid cheeks
They mount the castle wall.
High up the winding turret-stair
The trembling warder led ;
On the last broad step, o'er the threshold bare,
Lay the baron — stark and dead.



A WESTERN IDYL

“ **H**ELLO, stranger ! Pull up and 'light ;
Yer tired, I reckon, an' yer hoss blowed—
Lead him to the corn-crib, stay h'yar to-night.
You're a woodsman ? Yes, I knowed
By your rifle, knife, and tomahawk
You'd seen work, as we have here.
'Light, stranger ! Have a smoke an' talk.
Take some red eye?—Don't drink ? That's queer;
But a man of your build an' them scars,
Besides sendin' sure shots after a deer,
Must hev fout redskins, painters, and bars.”

“Thanks, friend. I will 'light, I need rest.

Yes, we'll have a smoke ; I'll stop here
One night at least as your guest.

True, I've shot panthers and killed deer
And redskins, as you'd say, 'a heap.'

Not one of the cursed savage crew
Comes in my range but his death leap
Follows my rifle shot — the aim's true.

Seen fights ? Look ! This scar a Comanche knife,
This a Pawnee bullet ; the last he shot,
And squared the score with his wretched life.



"THANKS, FRIEND. I WILL 'LIGHT, I NEED REST'"

“Yes, they all ‘went under;’ but I’ve sought
Something beside redskins. A little one, my child —
Mayhap you’ve never heard. Well, it’s ten years now
I’ve tracked this Indian country wild.
Vain search, indeed; but I have kept my vow,
Though sick at heart as the years go by
And still no trace of her. Don’t mind, friend;
’Tis womanish, I know, — this watery eye.
Just hear my story to the end.

“I came out from the East with my young wife
And little child, here to the border land.
I knew then nothing of the settlers’ life, —
No matter why I came, — I longed to stand
Unquestioned and untrammelled, a free man.

And so, though city born and taught at college,
I left the haunts of men. My fancy ran
For a free life, to gain a hunter's knowledge,
To own broad acres over which to roam,
To slay the wolf, to hunt the bounding deer,
And thought—vain dreamer!—'twas a happy home
With loving ones to sweeten exile here.
Well, years ago, to make the story short,
I built my home beside this very stream,
Six or eight miles below, and never thought
Like mist would melt away my happy dream.
One autumn day I left my child and wife
For a long forest tramp. A fool was I,
Leaving those dearer to me than my life,
Unguarded there, a cruel death to die.

Returned at night, I found my cabin ashes,
And there—O God ! it was a fearful sight!—
Her fair white forehead cleft in gory gashes,
Lay my dead wife beside the embers' light.
That frightful scene ! What wonder I was wild.
It wounds me now the savage deed to tell.
Oh, how I wept and called on wife and child,
Raved like a drunken madman, and then fell
Prostrate and senseless, till the autumn rain
Dropped on my brow like heaven's gentle tear,
And I revived, and then was calm again,
And knelt by my lost home an oath to swear.



"KNELT BY MY LOST HOME AN OATH TO SWEAR"

The oath ? Ah, I see you guess it.
Death to the redskin ! Ay, 'tis well kept.
A bloody vengeance — I confess it.
But think — if often when you slept
You saw her face all gashed and gory,
And sought a little child for whom you wept, —
But, friend, you tire of my sad story."

"No, stranger. The smoke's in my eyes,
And kinder makes 'em water ;
But thar's a sayin', 'Hope never dies ;'
And ez fur your little darter—
Listen to my story to match yourn.
'Bout ten year ago thar war on a tramp
Hunter Jim, me, old Joe Powderhorn,
And four others : a right smart camp.

We were meetin' Injin sign and sharp a bit,
When Jim kim in—he'd been on scout—
An' sez he, 'Boys, you must get up an' git,
Fur I tell ye thar is 'Rapahoes about,
An' their war party's agin white folks ;
For I've stalked their camp, an' thar,
While they war haltin' and havin' smokes,
I saw the long scalp of woman's har
Hangin' down from one feller's belt ;
An' they'd a captive, a little child,
A gal—a white one ! I kin tell ye I felt
As ef I'd the buck agur an' kind of wild.

I wanted to draw bead on the cuss, I did,—
I knowed the scalp belonged to the mother.
The red devils, I seed as I lay hid,
Swung it in the child's face, one an' another,
To frighten the little one, an' set her cryin'.'
No need to grit yer teeth, stranger ; it's Injin natur,
You can't change it in 'em, it's no use tryin'
To make civilized humans of 'em ; it's better
To rub 'em all out. But ez I was sayin',
That war party was squatted for the night,
An' we didn't believe in their goin', but stayin' ;
An' the upshot was a right smart fight.



"AN' THE UPSHOT WAS A RIGHT SMART FIGHT!"

There war seven of our fellers—of redskins ten,
So it was nip an' tuck for a while, by thunder !
We didn't mind fightin' ; I was younger then.
Well, stranger, the redskins all went under.
Did we suffer ? There was hunter Jim
Shot through the shoulder, and Pete Wild,
My old mate,—well, we buried him ;
But, stranger, we saved the little child !
How bright she was, her curls like gold ;
Couldn't talk plain, nor tell who she was,
Only her name — Gracey — a two-year-old.

So yer see I adopted her, because
The old woman got lonesome with me away,
And we were goin', an' did pack up an' git,
Soon as I kim back,— the very next day,—
To furder west than eny settler yit.
But we're back agin now after ten year ;
That's Gracey, now, comin' in thar at the door ;
An', stranger, look in this old chist— see here !
This yere's the very little frock she wore
When we captured her in the Injin fight.

But hello ! What makes ye look so wild ?
Yer shakin' like the agur — yer face all white ;
An' Gracey — why, how yer starin' at the child ! ”

.

“ Why do I gaze ? Ah, 'tis no dream ! I see
My dear wife's smile in the bright youthful face
Of this sweet girl with golden locks — 'tis she,
My child ! my child ! Dear, long-lost darling Grace ! ”



"AN' GRACEY — WHY, HOW YER STARIN' AT THE CHILD "

MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

FAIR maid of the mountain, a farewell to thee,
Sweet wild flower of beauty, so joyous and free ;
O'er the wild Alpine passes, with footstep as light,
Hast thou fled like a vision, so airy and bright.
'Mid thine own native hills that in grandeur arise
To the blue bending azure of Switzerland's skies,
Thy voice clear and sweetly, through cavern and glen,
Floats forth, and the echoes repeat it again.

'Mid the snow-crested peaks to the Switzer so dear,
How happy the chant of the free mountaineer !
And thy song with its musical melody seems
Still to ring in my ear, still to float in my dreams.
In the halls of the palace, where jewels were bright
And soft eyes have sparkled as gems in the light,
I have gazed on the forms of fair maids of degree,
But none were, my sweet mountain maiden, like thee.

When far in the land of the stranger I roam,
Or ride over ocean's blue billows of foam,
Full oft in my visions thy face will appear,
And fancy again waft thy song to my ear.
I linger to bid the huge hill-tops adieu,
Stretching far their brown peaks 'neath the canopy blue ;
Good-by to the crags, to the cavern and dell,—
Fair maid of the mountain, forever farewell.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH-BELL

IN youth's happy day— ah, we loved it so well !—
The musical chime of the village church-bell,
In the white, slender spire— you remember it, Joe !
When we were both boys in the country, you know.

How on Sundays it sang on the sweet summer air,
And summoned us all to the meeting-house there.
But I fear that we boys, if you must have the truth,
Came to church oft to worship our sweethearts of youth.



“WHEN WE WERE BOTH BOYS IN THE COUNTRY, YOU KNOW”

For my heart was first lighted with love's holy fire
By the eyes of a girl in the old village choir.
In fancy I longed, as that maiden would sing,
To hear for our wedding the village bell ring.

We loved and we parted in grief and in tears ;
Ah, what was my sorrow, so keen in youth's years,
When, as speeding away, came, like distant farewell,
Sweet and faintly, the musical chime of the bell.

Ere life's rugged journey was half travelled o'er
I longed to return to the village once more;
Where years ago, Joe,—God bless you, old man !
In the days of our boyhood our friendship began.

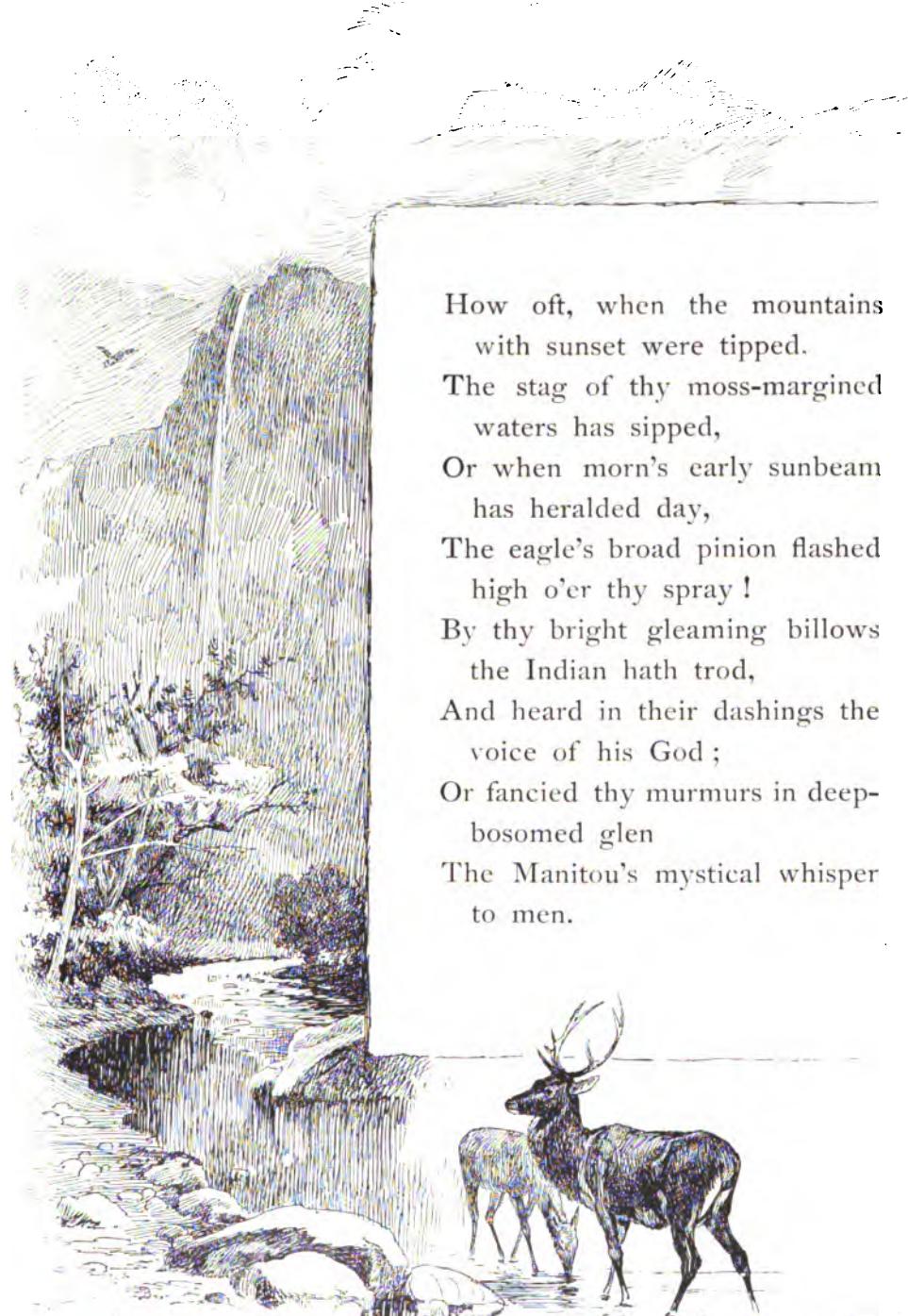
I came, and once more, over hillside and dell,
Float again, as in youth, the sweet notes of the bell.
But see! As I come to the old village church,
What train is it slowly goes forth from the porch?

It winds through the churchyard! Now silently stand,
Grouped around a new grave, a sorrowful band.
I join it with rev'rence, and then, drawing near,
Look down on the fair one borne forth on the bier.

Ah, Joe ! it is she, the sweet singer we knew,
Once the wife of your bosom, so loving and true!
Hands long parted we grasp as the funeral knell
Is solemnly tolled by the village church-bell.

THE MOUNTAIN CASCADE

FAR down the wild mountain and from the steep
height
For ages thy waters have leaped with delight ;
From cloud-circled birthplace and cradle on high,
'Mid peaks that seem rising to kiss the blue sky.
In swift-flowing freedom thy wild waves have run,
That smile in the moonbeams and laugh in the sun,
Till in fresh-flashing rapids the valley they greet,
In musical murmurs of joy at my feet.



How oft, when the mountains
with sunset were tipped.
The stag of thy moss-margined
waters has sipped,
Or when morn's early sunbeam
has heralded day,
The eagle's broad pinion flashed
high o'er thy spray !
By thy bright gleaming billows
the Indian hath trod,
And heard in their dashings the
voice of his God ;
Or fancied thy murmurs in deep-
bosomed glen
The Manitou's mystical whisper
to men.

Here, scooped by thy glittering eddies of foam,
Deep in the dark forest—the savage's home—
Thy sweet mossy basins are filled to the brim,
Beneath the broad branches that bend to their rim.
And here in the aisles of the glorious wood,
Where naught but the winds break the vast solitude,
Would the chief's dusky daughter delight to recline,
And in thy liquid mirror her features define.

Sweeping 'neath the deep shade of the sentinel trees,
That shout to the storm wind, or challenge the breeze,
Thy broad sheet of silver, with grass-margined side,
Reflects each little tendril that trails o'er the tide.
Scarce flutter the ripples that play on its breast,
So calm in the shadow and silent its rest,—
Fit place for the mirror of Indian coquette
To twine her dark tresses at sylvan toilette.

Years leave on thy surface no trace of their flight,
For in freshness of youth flow thy waters so bright ;
Still leap they the cliff and still float in the glen,
While fade from the earth generations of men.
Life passes away like thy swift-gliding stream,
Its pleasures and prizes mere bubbles that gleam
As in triumph they float, iridescent and bright,
But by a breath shattered, they vanish from sight.

Broad stream of the mountain, exhaustless and free,
Pour on thy pure tribute toward the blue sea ;
Teach us that the passions that agitate life,
That raise in man's bosom commotion and strife,
May, like thy roused waters, in thunder and spray,
Urged on by the tempest, rush mad on their way ;
Or like the wild billows in tumult be tossed,
Till in the deep sea of eternity lost.

A TURKISH BAG-A-TELLE

OLD Hassan was a fisherman—
A Mussulman was he;
Though clamorous in the marketplace,
Too selfish he could be.

Though honest, he “hooked” all he could,
With net gains he was gay,
And though his hands were filled with scales,
He never had his way.

For he and other fishermen
Paid to the Sultan's purse
A tribute — but they turned and said,
This is the Bos-phor-us.

To Mecca turning, oft he called
The prophet's aid in vain, —
To make-a call for profits, that
His neighbors thought insane.

When once, about the close of day,
His own clothes nearly gone,
He thought to try his nets and see
If he should longer mourn.

The nets came slowly in to shore,
Filled with a heavy weight,
And Hassan, though no fish are seen,
His hope does not abate.

For in his net there lay a sack —
The Sultan's seal it bore !
Was 't to in-sult-an honest man
Fate sends this to the shore ?

He bore it to the monarch straight,
Though 'neath the load he bent;
The Sultan in the palace was
On business, though, in-tent.

He heard old Hassan tell his tale,
And found his story true;
The sack that Hassan brought, though old,
The Sultan thought he knew.

He told him to bear back the sack,
Though his bare back was sore;
And these two bears now proved to be
A most decided bore.

“Go, throw it in the deepest wave,
As deep as deep can be,
And when the river’s dark and still,
And no one out to sea;

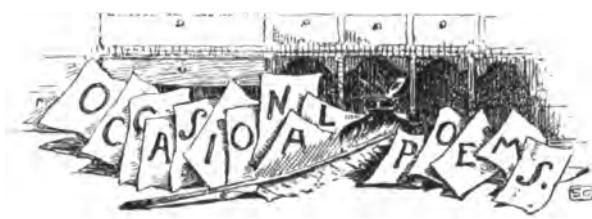
“ And take this bag of gold yourself,
For honesty has charms.”
So Hassan, though a Mussulman,
Then had two sacks-in-arms.

The Sultan smiled, the deed was done,
When Hassan hastened back:
“ An honest one shall fill his bag,
The false one fills a sack.”

A SURPRISE PARTY

TWAS the season of spring, when the flowerets
appear
And fair maidens bid welcome the opening year;
The air soft and balmy, and lovely the day,
And the pave was all thronged with the grave and the
gay,
When Tom F——, known by all as a glorious soul,
With his friend sauntered out on the street for a stroll.
How graceful his bow to the ladies he knew,
How hearty his greeting to gentlemen, too!
Fashion's votaries all find a place in the throng,
And bright as gay bubbles are floating along.
Tom criticised shrewdly each one of the fair,
And eyed all he met with a keen, knowing air,
Till walking before him he sees a fair form;
Then in rapture he speaks, in its praise he is warm.

“What a figure ! By heavens, what motions of grace !
A Venus ! Oh, but for one glance at her face !
Blest moment !” cried Tom, as the lady let fall
Her fan from the half-loosened folds of her shawl.
Rushing forward he raised it, and with a low bow
Returns it with grace and a compliment now.
The lady turned round and, raising her veil,
Smiled on Tom, who that instant turned fearfully pale.
O'er each feature now mute astonishment stole,
For the face of the damsel was black as a coal.
“How now ?” cried his friend, as he joined him again;
“What think you? — who is she ? — the lady you've
seen ;
Why so silent, my boy? You must tell me, I vow,
What you think of the lady you spoke with just now.”
“I think her,” quoth Tom, as he strode up the street,
“An angel to follow — the devil to meet.”





- THE GREAT PEACE JUBILEE

LINES READ IN THE WELCOME SPEECH TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
PRESS OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE PEACE JUBILEE
IN BOSTON JUNE 15 1869

COME North and South, and East and West,
And meet with cordial greeting ;
Once more beneath the sway of peace,
The nation's heart is beating.

No more upon the trembling wires
The news of war is flying ;
No more our pleasant fields are strewn
With gory dead and dying.

Hushed is war's trumpet — summer gales
The notes of peace are blowing,
And o'er our heads — God grant it long ! —
The Union stars are glowing.

Across the prairie's broad expanse,
The iron bands that span it
Bring California's greeting to
New England's hills of granite.

Maine's forests, Pennsylvania's plains,
The shores the lakes are laving,
The garden lands 'neath southern skies,
Where orange groves are waving,

Break forth in one harmonious chant,
A glorious hosanna,—
“ Let us have peace and unity
Beneath our country's banner.”

Ye wielders of the mighty power
That sways both prince and peasant,
May all your ways be those of peace,
And all your paths be pleasant.

Praise we the pen, that trenchant wand;
Our best, our last endeavor
To wield with honor that, the true
Archimedean lever.

And thus we pray, while in rude rhyme
This welcome warm is spoken:
United hearts — United States !
God keep the chain unbroken !

BOSTON TO CALIFORNIA

LINES READ AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE UNION CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO,
GIVEN TO THE BOSTON BOARD OF TRADE EXCURSION PARTY JUNE 24
1870 ON THE OCCASION OF THE FIRST TRANSATLANTIC TRIP

HOW weak are mere words
From the heart overflowing,
To tell its emotions or seek to convey
Thoughts that thrill all its chords,
When true warmth 'tis glowing,
And every base passion has faded away !

"Tis thus that we stand
To respond to your greeting,
Fellow countrymen all, 'neath our banner of stars ;
And we stretch forth each hand
To clasp yours at meeting,
Our brothers in peace and our comrades in wars.

Where the granite shaft gray
Of Bunker Hill rises,
To tell that our fathers braved tyranny's shock ;
Where the sparkling spray
Of the blue wave baptizes
The shore of our birth-place and old Plymouth Rock ;

Where the rising sun's ray
Lights the streets of old Concord,
And Lexington's plain lies in peaceful repose,
There shines Plymouth bay,
Where the "Mayflower" was anchored,—
'Tis Old Massachusetts that every one knows.

But why need I tell
Of these spots all so hallowed ?
America's story on history's page—
You know it full well,
And you mark what has followed:
The triumph of freedom, the march of the age.

Scarce a century's flow
Our country's veins filling,
In age 'mid the nations in infancy yet ;
But the beams on her brow
To the old world are telling,
Our pole star is progress—that never shall set.

Like the wonder of dreams,
Or some old Eastern story,
These cities seem rising at magic's behest;
But learning's light gleams,
Art shines in its glory,
The footsteps of enterprise point to the West.

When treason awoke,
And war's desolation
Wrote ruin and death with its fingers of flame,
As we gazed through the smoke
There the flag of our nation,
Unfurled in the Golden State, floated the same.

Ah ! what loyal heart
But then thrilled with emotion,
At the stars faintly seen in the far sunset glow !
What shall sever apart,
Stretched from ocean to ocean,
The strong bond of Union uniting us now ?

War's thunders have ceased,
Peaceful skies are o'erarching ;
Sections' hate and fierce feuds may we never recall,
But North, South, West and East,
'Neath our old flag we're marching,—
United we stand, but divided we fall.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

LINFS READ AT THE CHICAGO COMMERCIAL CLUB FESTIVAL IN 1877 ON
THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB
OF BOSTON TO THAT CITY.

NOW fill the cup, and let the feast
More joyous be to every guest—
Old three-hilled city of the East,
Thy name's thrice honored at the West.

Far towards the rising sun we glance,
And catch the glitter of his ray
Where blue waves shine in sparkling dance
Within old Massachusetts bay.

There stands the shaft on Bunker's height,
And on yon steeple o'er the tide
Looked Paul Revere for warning light
Ere spurred he on his midnight ride.

The Old South Church, the State House dome,
Old King street, Common, Faneuil Hall,—
As loving eyes turn fondly home,
How many memories ye recall!

Old mother city of our land,
We love to read thy name and story;
But 'tis not thine alone to stand
As claimant for thy country's glory.

Thy beauteous sisters of the West,
North, South, and East, o'er all the nation,
The stars of our own Union blest,
Shine now a perfect constellation.

Together gleam they pure and bright,
A circlet that no hand shall sever,
And one whose beams of glorious light
Shall blaze before the world forever.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY AUGUST 29 1889

DEAR poet of our youthful days,
Thy flowing verse, thy graceful lays,
So musical in rounded rhyme,
They charm us still in manhood's time;
For, though our locks be tinged with frost,
None of thy magic power is lost.
With retrospective glance, the sight
Looks back to years when hearts were light;
To school-boy days dear memory glides,
When rang thy grand "Old Ironsides"
From tongues whose patriotic fire
Woke at the fervor of thy lyre.

“The Spectre Pig,” the stranger tall,
Who stalked unbid to Commons Hall;
“My Aunt,” unmarried and alone,
The giants, and the pudding-stone;
And how in merry measure ran
“The Ballad of the Oysterman.”
Now discord grates on nerve and ear;
“The Music Grinders” still are here,
But yield to laughter loud and long,
That greets the tramping “Treadmill Song.”
Thy wit and humor’s rattling pace
Told “How the Old Horse won the Race.”
Who’ll e’er forget that’s read it, pray,
“The Story of the One-horse Shay”?

And then to verse more glorious
Floats forth “The Chambered Nautilus.”
With memory’s tear each cheek is wet,
And thoughts of sadness or regret
Mingle with jests o’er sparkling wine,
When meet the “Class of Twenty-Nine”
(The few that time has spared), and poise
Their glasses to this toast—“The Boys.”
What though the fourscore years have flown !
Thy sway, dear “Autocrat,” we own;
Thy torch, triumphant, still shall burn,
Though Death thy life’s “Last Leaf” may turn.
May many “Hundred Days” go past
Ere comes the one thou contest last.

THE OLD SCHOOLBOYS OF BOSTON

LINES READ AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING

NOVEMBER 13 1889

THE light of youth's fair opening day,
That sparkled in the sky,
And manhood's strong and steady ray,
Have both passed swiftly by.

At autumn sunset now we gaze,
'Mid clouds of glorious hue ;
How beautiful the fading blaze
Just sinking from the view !

"Tis not with sighs or vain regret
 Around the board we meet ;
With spirits blithe as boyhood yet,
 Our hearts all lightly beat.

What ho ! The telescope advance !
 Through memory's magic glass
We'll take a retrospective glance
 At old scenes as they pass.

We'll look old Boston Common o'er,
 Where erst our hockies swung,—
The Frog Pond, iced from shore to shore,
 Where our skate irons rung.

We hear the merry laugh and shout
Upon the steep hillside,
Where pelting snowballs fly about
And gay sleds swiftly glide.

The picture changes : cannon's din,
The fluttering banners gay,
And sounding church-bells " usher in "
Our Independence Day.

The Old Elm spreads its grateful shade,
The stands and booths are here,
To coax our pennies in their trade
For oysters and spruce beer.

Pop Emmons' speeches all confuse;
The soldiery appears—
Old Rifle Rangers, Winslow Blues,
And red-coat Fusileers.

Their plumes and banners gayly float ;
Was ever sight so grand ?
List ! Martial music's swelling note—
The glorious Brigade Band.

Ned Kendall's bugle ! Sweeping past,
Its pure notes sweetly come,
Mingled with Bartlett's trumpet-blast
And old Dan Simpson's drum.

• • • • • • •

And how we rushed with vigorous kick
Our footballs o'er the ground !
How, beaten with the stout oak stick,
Our press hoops whirled around !

We played our marbles, spun our tops,
And when on gambling bent,
Shook in the ring our china props
And boldly "set a cent."

How quick we were our aid to lend
To "run with the machine,"
Old "Boston" down at the North End,
Or "Cataract Fourteen."

Then at the theatre in our day
We boys of long ago
Saw Cooper and Old Pelby play,
And Rice jump his "Jim Crow."

Who like old Booth in Richard Third ?
Where is Ned Forrest's peer ?
We all have Charlotte Cushman heard,
John Gilbert and "Old Spear ;"

Seen Mrs. Barrett's witching glance,
And graceful Fanny Jones,
Remember Ellsler's sylph-like dance,
"Old Cartlitch's" husky tones.

Ah, boys ! Like scenes in mimic play,
These pictures of the past
No ruthless hand can sweep away
While memory shall last.

I pledge you, and in the account
Include Old Boston, too ;
Here, where we quaffed at learning's fount,
Still let our hearts be true.

Free from disturbing storms of sect
Keep those pellucid pools ;
With voice, with arm, if called, protect
Old Boston's Public Schools.

THE OLD SCHOOLBOYS OF BOSTON

LINES READ AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING

NOVEMBER 13 1890

A NOTHER year! How swift they pass,—
Let's call a halt, my men,
And see once more in mem'ry's glass
Ourselves as boys again.

We'll whirl the wheels of old Time back
For fifty years or more,
Forget life's weary, toilsome track,
And live our boyhood o'er.

With dancing eye and ruddy cheek,
Loud laugh and hearty cheer,
Who dares of age's frost to speak
While sunny youth is here ?

No judge or reverend sir we know,
No squires or doctors greet,
But Sam and Tom and Bill and Joe—
The boys we used to meet.

The old school-house we see once more,
We went as prisoners there,
Then thought ourselves but slaves bound o'er
To studies, rules, and care.

Old R. G. Parker's grammars three !
Our brains how they would twist
To tell the tenses of "to be,"
Or prepositions list.

Of, to, for, by,— we ran all through
Those words in rapid pace,
Told prepositions, govern, too,
That old objective case.

Ah, Emerson ! 'twas easy start,
Those pictured problems light,
But struggles in thy old "Third Part"
Of mathematic might.

How with those puzzling figures we
All wrestled with a will,
Copied our sums, or bought a "key"
From Burnham on Cornhill.

John Pierpont ! Shall we e'er forget
Thine old First Class Book lore ?
We prize its precious pages yet,
And love to turn them o'er.

Will Shakespeare there we learned to love,
There "Thanatopsis" shines
With Byron, that poetic Jove,
And Scott's melodious lines.

And youthful orators recite,
From Lovell's Speaker, well
The tale of that heroic fight
Where bold Bozzaris fell.

“ Banished from Rome !” We knew them all—
Those bitter words of hate,
And every one of us recall
Casabianca's fate.

Rienzi's Roman speech we spout,
And “ Warning ” of Lochiel ;
Or bolder still, for Cæsar shout
Marc Antony's appeal.

These school-boy scenes, do they come back
And warm our hearts again
Like glowing hands 'neath ruler's whack
Or master's supple cane ?

If so, each other's palm we'll press
While memories round us twine,
And by that grasp we all will bless
The days of old lang syne.

THE OLD SCHOOLBOYS OF BOSTON

LINES READ AT THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL

NOVEMBER 19 1891

AS old campaigners' pulses thrill
When sounds the bugle blast,
So beat our hearts with quicker throb
At voices of the past.

No weight of years we feel to-night,
For joyous youth shall reign;
Once more, with spirits light as air,
We all are boys again.

Old Boston,— dear, revered old town,—
 Come, let us look her o'er,
As when we knew her long ago,
 Some fifty years or more.

Dwight Boyden kept the Tremont House,
 All druggists' names were Brown;
Doolittle's City Tavern was,
 They said, the best in town.

The stages forth from Elm street ran
 To all the country round;
Then "Old Reed" was our whole police,
 The Common a playground.

At eve the old town's quiet streets
Dozed in uncertain light,
Till every steeple's sounding bell
Pealed nine o'clock at night.

The brazen clangor ceased at last,
And now we hear a voice;
Hark to the cry! -- It nearer comes:
“Oys! Oys! Buy any oys?”

Again those bells with furious peal
Ring out from every spire,
And watchmen's whirling rattles rouse
The whole town for a fire.

The old fire-engines clatter through
The still deserted street,
'Mid flaring torches' lurid light
And rush of hurried feet.

Then waves ran over Boston Neck,
And oft on summer nights
We saw from foot of Beacon street
The Milldam's string of lights.

No palace then of millionaire,
No church nor grand hotel,
On Back Bay then — it only knew
The heaving water's swell.

For Boylston was a South End street,
And o'er the whole Back Bay,
'Mid mud and marsh or wide expanse,
We saw the wild waves play.

Then Kelt and Kurtz our bakers were,
Old Wilson swung his bell,
And cried lost children through the streets,
As you remember well.

In Theatre Alley one could buy
Grace Dunlap's famous snuff,
And, if in favor with the dame,
Some much more potent stuff.

Old North End mansions, tree-lined streets,
The long trucks and ox teams,—
All vanished, to be now recalled
Like half-forgotten dreams.

For fondly o'er familiar scenes
We linger to the last,
As memory's magic mirror shows
Each picture of the past.

So now, dear boys, with hearty grasp
Each other's hands enfold;
Remember, while our hearts are young
We never can be old.

THE OLD SCHOOLBOYS OF BOSTON

LINES READ AT THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL

NOVEMBER 15 1892

OLD Schoolboys of Boston, a health to you all !
To each sturdy veteran that answers the call;
Brave yesterday's comrades, whose battles are o'er,—
Old guards of old Boston, together once more !

We are boys once again, and, merry to-night,
Not one of us heeds half a century's flight;
Care has fled, age's burden is banished away,
And every eye bright as in youth's holiday.

Old Boston, we love her, in youth or in age,
And are proud of her record on history's page;
Of the glorious deeds of each patriot son,—
Of the battles they fought and the freedom they won.

She is liberty's Mecca, for, turn where we will,
Here are landmarks of freedom confronting us still.
Historic old King street—each schoolboy will tell
That there the first martyrs to liberty fell.

There the Stamp Act they burn, then at foot of the
street,
In the old "Bunch of Grapes," Sons of Liberty meet.
Old State House! Memento of years that are gone,
There all the world knows Independence was born.

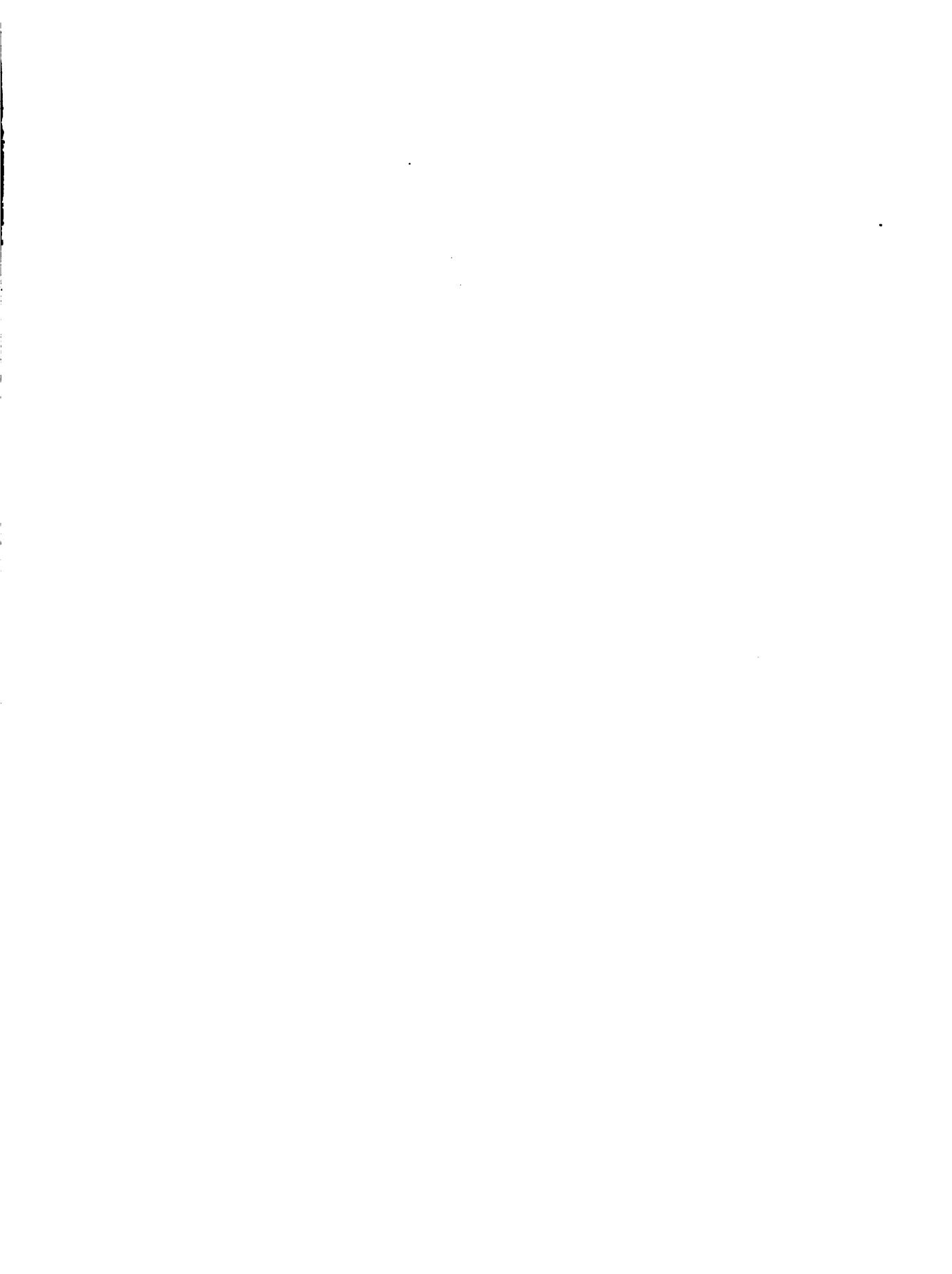
Old South's slender spire, it points to the sky,
As when Warren beneath it told danger was nigh;
And liberty's cradle yet rocks for us all,
That forum for freemen, our old Faneuil Hall.

From Old North Church steeple the chimes are still
rung,
In the belfry where once warning lanterns were hung.
The story? You know it; Revere's ride at night,
The regulars' march and the Lexington fight.

Boston boys of to-day, true as patriots then,
Hoist up our "Old Glory" and cheer it again;
The flag that we follow in peace or in wars,
Our emblem, schoolfellows, the Stripes and the Stars;

And not as some scribbler may recklessly write,
A “mere textile fabric” of red, blue, and white,
But Union’s grand banner, it floats for us all,—
United we stand, but divided we fall.

And you in youth’s vigor that follow us on
Our march now approaching to life’s setting sun,
Advance! making this the one motto that rules:
THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY AND FREE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS.





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